Captivity - 'It's a suicide mission'

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Captivity - 'It's a suicide mission'

by reid_simp

Summary

Hannibal has snapped and kidnapped Will and Jack in a suicide mission.

Notes

ello! i'm sorry i didn't post yesterday; it was my birhday and i thought i'd have time but here's yesterday's! might not be able to post today's today cause i'm super tired, and i'm going out tomorrow night, but if all goes wrong i'll catch up on the weekend!

Hannibal had snapped, clearly, Will thinks as the chair he's strapped to digs into his skin. He can hear Jack pleading next to him.

He'd broken out of prison, taken Will at gunpoint, and picked up Jack on the way back. Drugged the both of them; Will had woken up in this position, Jack next to him, a horrifying reminder of the last time the three of them were together in a dining room.

They're in some sort of replica of the dining room from Hannibal's house in Baltimore, settling a nervous energy in Will's stomach. His fingers twitch as practically the only part of him that can move. He's on the same strange paralytic he had been the last time. He very much fears Hannibal intends to finish the job he started last time.

"Will and Jack," Hannibal begins, sharpening a knife from a block across the room from them. Will notes where it is, and where the exits are. He's feeling far too drugged to do anything, and Hannibal isn't one to leave loose ends, so escape is hardly viable. Plus, he can hardly move right now, hardly talk. "It's so nice of us to get together again!"

Will is lightly shaking under the restraints. He used to be so good under pressure, in situations where the only way to survive is to have your head in the game, watching every move. Now he can't focus on anything long enough to make a judgement.

"They'll find us, Hannibal. What exactly is your plan here?"

"'s... s'a s... su- sui- cide mish... mission." He makes no effort for Hannibal not to hear it, there isn't any effort left for things like that.

Jack looks terribly disappointed – things are easier to negotiate when the captor wants to live.

"Now, Will. I'd love to pick up where we left off." Will's heart drops as he remembers the cold numb feeling of having someone saw into your head. He couldn't feel the pain immediately, not until he was hanging upside down with pigs. "However, I have new plans."

Will doesn't like Hannibal's new plan. Sending parts of him to the FbI until they figure it out.

It starts with a finger and, in comparison to the pain he's felt in the last 4 years, It's nothing. it does hurt, but with Jack reassuring him, he's able to take himself away. After an hour, letting him bleed a little, Hannibal takes the next finger along, then bandages his hand. Left hand, pinkie and ring finger.

Will continues to take himself away, spending time with Abigail, and his versions of Molly and Walter, until the door opens again, Hannibal informing them that the first finger has been sent to the FBI, and the second will follow in a few hours.

Will's just glad he's not eating him. Or forcing himself and Jack to.

He does, of course, as soon as the idea occurs to him. Takes the rest of his left hand. That one hurts much more, spots in his vision remaining for the next ten hours Hannibal leaves them for after he's done cooking.

With the threat of no other food, and threat of hurting Jack, Will accepts the fork coming towards him, holding a chunk of his own cooked hand.

Jack isn't subjected to this yet, though he is the one having to calm Will down as he spends the next three hours gagging, though everything came up the first few times.

Will's missing a foot, now. Hannibal strapped him to the dining table to give him an appendectomy. It was at that point Hannibal realised he'd need to give Will blood. Luckily, he and Jack had been a match, and Jack was giving – arguably far too much – blood, just to keep him going.

Will can only guess if the FBI is close. Hannibal made a joke that what they need to solve the case would be Jack and Will.

The FBI arrives when Will spends most of his time unconscious or dissociating. Jack prefers this, because the time he is aware make him grateful for when he isn't. He can tell the pain is excruciating. He can do nothing about it. He realised that's his punishment long ago. Forced to watch as his little prodigy torn apart.

Alana is at the front of the raid, and shoots Hannibal hard enough for him to pass out. She unstraps Will from where he is on the chair, arm hooked up to a bag of Jack's blood. His eyes are rolling into the back of his head, but he points to the gun in her hand, trying to grab it with blurry vision.

Alana reluctantly lets him have it, but insists on helping him get closer to where Hannibal lies on the floor, because his aim was never good at the best of times.

The gunshot feels good for Will.

Catharsis.

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